

THE QUILTING.

'Twas down at Major Parsons' house,
The girls they had a quiltin'
Just for to show their handsome looks
And have a little jittin'!

Yankee lasses are the U
'niversal air bewitchin',
They're good and true and handsome too,
In parlor and in kitchen!

There was Deacon Jones' darter Sal,

Squire Wheeler's darter Mary,

And General Caser's youngest gal,
That looks just like a fairy!

There was Lucy White and Martha Brown,

And Parsons' darter Betty,

Femino Pinkhorn, Prudence Short,

And Major Downing's Hetty!

But if there was a handsome gal,

To make a fellow's heart right,

I guess it was by all accounts,
Miss Carolina Cartwright!

Wall, while we were a whittin' plate

And playin' hunt the slipper,

Jerusha Parsons' went to git

Some cider in a dipper!

But just as she had left the room

And got into the entry,

She gave a scream and stood stock still,

Just like a frozen sentry!

We all ran out, and there, I sware,

Both huggin' like creation,

Miss Cartwright and Sam Jones we saw,

A kissin' like tarnation,

O, such a laugh, as we set up,

You never heard a finer,

Says I, "I reckon kissin's cheap,

Don't you, Miss Carolina?"

I wish you'd saw Miss Cartwright blush,

Just like as if she'd pointed,

She said—she had the colic—and

In Samson's arm had fainted!

And now, young folks, I'd say to you,

When you go to a frolic,

Don't let your fillers kiss and hug,

Unless—you have the colic!